

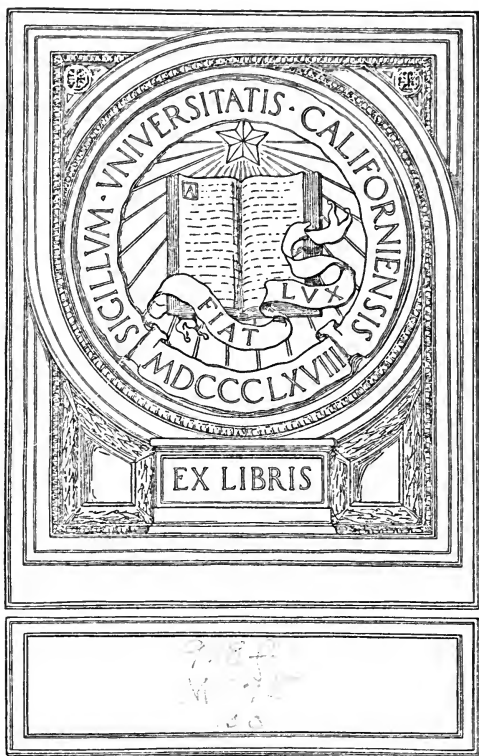
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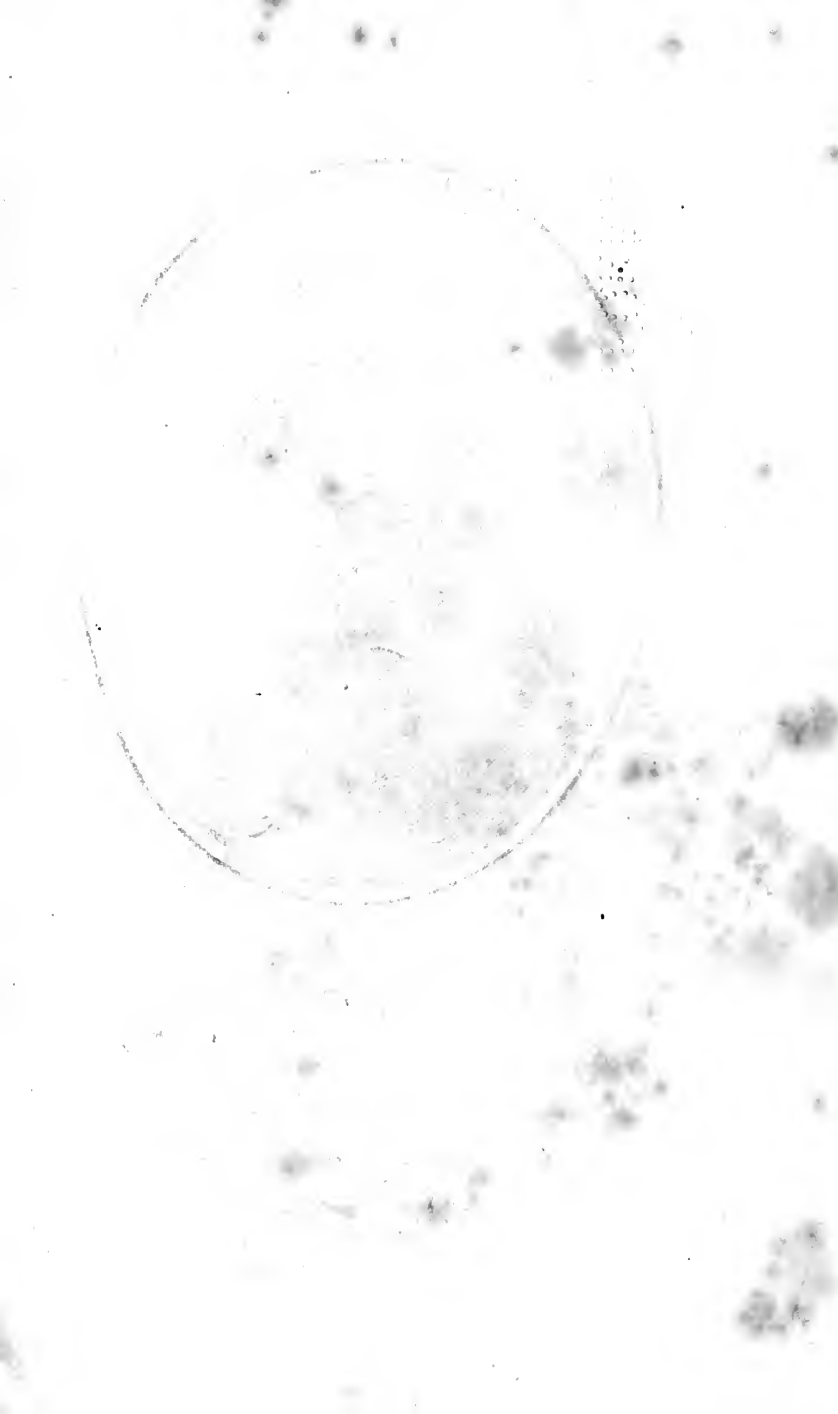


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CAPTAIN MORRIS.

*When the fancy Stirring Bowl,
Awakes its World to pleasure;
Glowing visions gild my Soul,
And life's an endless treasure.*

SONGS,
POLITICAL

AND

CONVIVIAL.

BY CAPTAIN MORRIS.

TWENTY-FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed by T. SUTTON, Britannia Street, Gray's-Inn-Lane-Road,
For R. DAVIS, Piccadilly.

==
1802.

SONG

AND

TO THE
OF THE
AIRBORNE

BY

THE

THE

THE

SONGS

BY

CAPTAIN MORRIS.

Nº I.

MY SPIRITS ARE MOUNTING.

I.

MY spirits are mounting, my heart's full of
glee,

Sweet hope like a rose on my bumper I see ;

My cares are all colour'd with joy as they pass,

And my soul is all sunshine when lit by my glass.

Fal de ral, &c.

II.

Away from my view fly the world and its strife,

The banquet of fancy's the feast of my life,

All love's melting energies sink in my soul,

And the fountain of bliss is let loose in my bowl.

Fal de ral, &c.

B

You

M102238

III.

You ask why I drink, and my reason is plain,
 To gild with bright colours life's picture again,
 From the cold track of care my warm heart to re-
 move,

And revel transported with nature and love.

Fal de ral, &c.

IV.

To the fairer I fill, to the fairer I think,
 Mine is not a clay that grows muddy with drink;
 The bubbles that rise in gay colours are drest,
 And love's the soft sediment lies at my breast.

Fal de ral, &c.

V.

My spirits in bursts of wild sympathy start,
 And friendship's kind current flows pure from my
 heart,

And ardour so social ennobles each thought,
 And I curse the cold maxims dame Prudence has
 taught.

Fal de ral, &c.

VI.

What say soothing Gods! when thou bring'st to
 my view,
 Those scenes of wild softness my bosom once knew;
 I gaze as fond Memory's vision goes by,
 And double the bliss, tho' the tear's in my eye.

Fal de ral, &c.

Then

VII.

Then give me great Gods, but a friend with my
 wine,
 Whose heart has been heated and soften'd like
 mine,

In social effusions we'll cherish each soul,
 And share the wild magic that lies in the bowl
 Fal de ral, &c.

Nº II.

DRINKING SONG.

I.

WHEN the fancy-stirring bowl
Wakes its world of pleasure,
Glowing visions gild my soul,
And life's an endless treasure ;
Mem'ry decks my wasted heart,
Fresh with gay desires,
Rays divine their heat impart,
And kindling hope inspires.

C H O R U S.

Then who'd be grave,
When wine can save
The heaviest soul from sinking,
And magic grapes
Give angel shapes
To every girl we're drinking ?

II.

Here sweet benignity and love
Shed their influence round us,
Gother'd ills of life remove,
And leave us as they found us :

Tho'

Tho' my head may swim, yet true,
 Still to nature's feeling true,
 Peace and beauty swim there too,
 And rock me while I'm reeling.
 Then who'd be grave? &c.

III.

On youth's soft pillow tender truth
 Her pensive lesson taught me ;
 Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,
 And wisdom wak'd and caught me ;
 A bargain then with love I knock't,
 To hold the pleasing gipsey ;
 When wise, to keep my bosom lock't,
 But turn the key when tipsey.
 Then who'd be grave? &c.

IV.

When time had swag'd my heated heart,
 The grave boy, blind and simple,
 Forgot to cool one little part,
 Just flush'd by Lucy's dimples :
 That part's enough of beauty's type,
 To warm an honest fellow,
 And tho' it touch me not when ripe,
 It melts still while I'm mellow.
 Then who'd be grave? &c.

Life's a voyage we all declare,
 With scarce a port to hide in;
 Perhaps it may to pride or care;—
 That's not the sea I ride in:
 Here floats my soul 'till fancy's eye
 Her realms of bliss discover;
 Bright worlds that fair in prospect lie,
 To him that's half seas over.

CHORUS.

Then who'd be grave,
 When wine can save
 The heaviest soul from sinking,
 And magic grapes
 Give angel shapes
 To every girl we're drinking.

N^o III.

SUNG BY THE PRINCE OF WALES

TO A

CERTAIN LADY.

Tune—*There's a difference between a Beggar
and a Queen.*

I.

THERE's a difference in fact betwixt a promise
and an act,

And I'll tell you the reason why—

An act can't betray—tho' I own a promise may,

Yet I hope neither you nor I.

CHORUS.

Let thy cares and thy fears go hang, go hang,

Let thy doubts and thy sorrows drown;

Give but my bosom love enough,

And my heart is all thine own, dear girl,

And my heart is all thine own.

II.

Tho' sometimes I rove, like a bee in a grove,

And my flights were a little too wild,

Yet I fix from this hour, on that sweet fancy flower,

That blooms on your cheek when you smile.

Let thy cares and thy fears, &c.

This

III.

This world I approve as the region of love,
 And I care not one fig for't beside ;
 The sports of the whole, the most dear to my soul,
 Are those which the Gods doth provide.

CHORUS.

Let thy cares and thy fears go hang, go hang,
 Let thy doubts and thy sorrows drown ;
 Give but my bosom love enough,
 And my heart is all thine own, dear girl,
 And my heart is all thine own.

Nº IV.

THE TREATY OF COMMERCE.

I.

TROTH, Mister John Bull, you're a pretty
milch cow !

Oh, what do you think of us Volunteers now ?
Sure I told you the work we kick'd up in the state,
Before it was finish'd would all be complete !

With my Ballinamona Ora,
Ballinamona Ora,
Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

II.

Troth, I told you last year (if you call it to mind)
What we left you before we would not lave behind ;
And wan't I right now ? by hook or by crook ;
For all that we left you is all that we took !

With my Ballinamona Ora,
Ballinamona Ora,
Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

III.

But'twas deadly good-natur'd in you to lay down,
With the wrongs of our trade, all the rights of your
own!

'Twas a mighty home stroke of magnanimous
pride

To break your own backs for the thorn in our side!

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me!

IV.

Oh, like fools, we despair'd that our terms would
go down!

Or such sharp propositions be sweet to the Crown!

Then how pleasing to find your proud stomachs
to fall!

When we'd thrown'em up first, that you swallow'd
them all!

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me!

Sure

V.

Sure I hard Master Orde now relate, in his place,
All your bountiful gifts of superfluous grace ;
Jasus ! how we all star'd while he empty'd his
sconce !

To find such a big bag of blessings at once !

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

VI.

Oh, the brave British subject ! his looks were so
sweet,

When he laid down your case and your trade at
our feet !

And the comments he made too, the wise little
elf,

To shew us that Britain's no friend to herself !

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

VII.

Troth it plais'd him, he said (could a Briton say
more ?)

That the trade of your country would shift to our
shore ;

And that England's disasters had sunk her so low,
The good tidings he brought us would finish the
blow !

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

VIII.

Then, he said, 'twas contriv'd too by part of the
gift,

That without Irish linens ye cant't make a shift.

Troth now, ladies, and that's a good *measure* for
you,

When the linen comes over, the *yard* will come
too !

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

Now

IX.

Now we took it most kind, that your ruler of state
(Who, they say, has no PARTS, but the *parts in*
his pate)

Should for *female commodities* open a door,
And let freely the *great Irish staple* come o'er!

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

X.

'T would have bother'd my head now, the words
PITT let fall,

When you gave us so much, you gave nothing at
all !

But in Dublin I hard his interpreter swear,
Nothing in England means *every thing* there !

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

But

XI.

But your minister says now, " We've got all we
can :

" The two states must be join'd on a permanent
" plan."

By my shoul, he's joiner of notable craft,
Who loosens all ties now—to bind us more fast !

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

XII.

And he says when all duties and drawbacks are
paid,

That the navy will want what we make in our
trade,

Troth, she will want it all. Now he's right on
that score :

And she'll want it, God help her, for ever, and
more,

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

XIII.

If you wish now to know how our cards we have
play'd,

Why we took up our clubs, and we threw down
our spade :

So ye dealt us all trumps now for that very thing :
And so Pam became civil as well as the King.

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

N° V.

BILLY'S TOO YOUNG TO DRIVE US.

I.

IF life's a rough journey, as moralists tell,
 Englishmen sure make the best on't ;
 On this spot of the earth they bade Liberty dwell,
 Whilst Slavery holds all the rest on't ;
 They thought the best solace for labour and care,
 Was a state independent and free, Sir ;
 And this thought, tho' a curse that no tyrant can
 bear,
 Is the blessing of you and of me, Sir.
 Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we
 reel,
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we
 feel ;
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel ;
 Billy's too young to drive us.

II.

The car of Britannia, we all must allow,
 Is ready to crack with its load, Sir :
 And, wanting the hand of experience, will now
 Most surely break down on the road, Sir !
 Then must we, poor passengers, quietly wait
 To be crush'd by this mischievous spark, Sir,
 Who drives a damn'd job in the carriage of state,
 And *got up like a thief in the dark*, Sir ?
 Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we
 reel,
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel ;
 Billy's too young to drive us.

III.

They say that his judgment is mellow and pure,
 And his principles Virtue's own type, Sir :
 I believe, from my soul, he's a son of a w—re,
 And his judgment more rotten than ripe, Sir ;
 For all that he boasts of, what is it, in truth,
 But that mad with ambition and pride, Sir ;
 He's the vices of age for the follies of youth,
 And a damn'd deal of cunning beside, Sir.

D

Then

Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we
reel,

We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,
And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel ;

Billy's too young to drive us.

IV.

The Squires, whose reason ne'er reaches a span,
Are all with this prodigy struck, Sir,

And cry, " 'Tis a crime not to vote for a man

" Who's as chaste as a baby at suck, Sir !"

But pray, let me ask, had his *virtue* prevail'd,

What soul would to heaven come near, Sir ?

Not one ; for the whole *generation* had fail'd,

And God's creatures had never been here, Sir.

Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we
reel,

We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,

And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel ;

Billy's too young to drive us.

V.

It's true, he's a pretty good gift of the gab,
 And was taught by his dad on a stool, Sir ;
 But tho' at a speech he's a bit of a dab,
 In the state he's a bit of a tool, Sir.

For Billy's pure love for his country was such,
 He agreed to become the cat's paw, Sir !
 And sits at the helm, while it's turn'd by the touch
 Of a reprobate fined of the law, Sir !

Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we
 reel,

We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel ;

Billy's too young to drive us.

VI.

Tho' reason united a N—h and a F--x,

The world of this junction complain, Sir :
 But what's that to his, who join'd with a pox
 To the cabinet pimp of the Thane, Sir !

Who sold to a high-flying Jacobite gang
 The credit of Chatham's great name, Sir !
 That pleas'd we might hear the Young Puppet
 harangue,

While J—nk—s—n plays the old game, Sir !

Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we
reel,

We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,
And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel ;

Billy's too young to drive us.

VII.

They say, his *fine parts* are a mighty good prop

To push up Britannia's affairs, Sir !

But, we all of us know, tho' he stand at her top,

Her *bottom will die in despair*, Sir !

Then with Freemen, who on a *fair bottom* would
tread,

Here's a toast, that I'm sure must prevail, Sir !

Britannia ! and May he ne'er stand at her Head

Who never can STAND at her T—l, Sir !

Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we
reel,

We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,
And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel ;

Billy's too young to drive us.

Nº VI.

BILLY PRITT

AND

THE FARMER.

I.

SIT down neighbours all,
And I'll tell a merry story
About a British Farmer
And BILLY P—TT, the Tory ;
I had it piping hot
From Ebenezer Barber,
Who sail'd right from England,
And lies in Boston harbour.
Bow wow wow, fal la! de iddy iddy,
Bow wow wow.

This

II.

This Billy he is call'd
 Britannia's Prime Ruler,
 Tho' he be but a puppet
 That's hung out to fool her !
 His name is a passport
 To get in old sinners ;
 So he deals the cards, that
 The knaves may be winners !
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,
 Bow wow wow.

III.

He was bred up a Whig,
 But with Nabobs to thrive, Sir ;
 Who have votes in the House, —
 About two out of five, Sir.
 He gave up the people,
 And vow'd, to his scandal,
 They shou'd seek for their bread
 Without day-light or candle !
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,
 Bow wow wow.

Now

IV.

Now it hap'd, to the country

He went for a blessing,

And from his State-Dad

To get a new lesson.

He went to Daddy Jenky, *Jenky's son*

By Trimmer Hal attended, *Henry Addington*

In such company, good lack!

How is morals must be mended!

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy.

Bow wow wow.

V.

This Harry was always

A staunch friend to Boston;

His bowels are soft,

For they yearn'd for Indostan.

If I had him in our township,

I'd feather him and tar him;

With forty lacking one too,

I'd lam him and I'd scar him.

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,

Bow wow wow.

x See Criticisms on the Rolliad 22nd vol
of 1812 p. 34.

With

VI.

With his skin full of wine, and
 His head full of state-tricks,
 Sham reforms, commutations,
 And the rest of his late tricks,
 He came back with Harry,
 Two birds of a feather ;
 And, both drunk as pipers,
 They knock'd their heads together.
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,
 Bow wow wow.

VII.

Now so it fell out, that
 This pair were benighted,
 And drove out of the road ;
 So that statesmen alighted :
 And to get in again
 Away scrambl'd they, 'Sir,
 To find the back road
 Unto the King's highway, Sir,
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,
 Bow wow wow.

VIII.

Long lost in the dark were
 These *lights* of the nation ;
 But stumbl'd at last
 To a small habitation ;
 To which they march'd up ;
 While the fowls, in confusion,
 Thought their lives were aim'd at
 By this bold intrusion !
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,
 Bow wow wow.

IX.

The dogs bark'd, ducks quack'd,
 And sore Billy baited ;
 The wife she cry'd out,
 “ We be all ruined ; ”
 Then straightway she snatch'd up
 The vessel she pass'd in,
 To pour on the head of
 This *darkling* Philistine.
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,
 Bow wow wow.

X.

The husband awak'd, by
 Her rage and her screaming,
 And shrewdly supposing
 His wife might be dreaming;
 To make matters short,
 Snatch'd his gun, in a fury,
 And cry'd, " Sons of Belial!
 " I've got what will cure ye."
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,
 Bow wow wow.

XI.

Then Billy began for
 To make an oration,
 As oft he had done
 To bamboozle the nation;
 But Hodge cryd, " Begone, or
 " I'll crack thy young crown for't;
 " Thou belong'st to a rare gang
 " Of rogues, I'll be bound for't."
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,
 Bow wow wow.

‘ Now

XII.

- ‘ Now Hodge,’ quoth the wife,
- ‘ Don’t you mind his loud bant’ring,
- ‘ For certain he has under
- ‘ His coat a dark lantern ;
- ‘ Shut the gate of the court ;
- ‘ If he once gets within it,
- ‘ He’ll whip up the *back stairs*
- ‘ I’ll be bound, in a minute.’
- Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,
- Bow wôw wow.

XIII.

- Then the wife she went on :
- ‘ Can you go for to say now
 - ‘ Any good upon earth made thee
 - ‘ Take this by-way now ?
 - ‘ Thou cam’st to get foot in
 - ‘ The house ; that’s the plan on’t ;
 - ‘ And so let in thy gang,
 - ‘ For to make what they can on’t.
 - Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,
 - Bow wow wow.

XIV.

- ' Don't you hear how the brazen-fac'd
- ' Rogue now pretends, man ?
- ' He crept up in the dark
- ' But for virtuous ends, man ?
- ' He says he's our friend !
- ' But its no such a thing, man,
- ' The impudent dog would
- ' Say so to the King, man !'
- Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,
- Bow wow wow.

XV.

Then Billy perceiving
The wife in a fury,
And knowing his deeds would
Not stand woman's jury,
Felt the spirit of Jenky
A dangerous potion ;
And roar'd out to Harry
To speak for the motion.
Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,
Bow wow wow.

Then

XVI.

Then Harry stept up ;
 But Hodge shrewdly supposing
 His part was to steal,
 Whilst the other was prosing,
 Let fly at poor Billy,
 And shot thro' his lac'd coat ;
 Oh, what a pity 'twas
 It did not hit his waistcoat !
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,
 Bow wow wow.

XVII.

Solid men of Boston
 Make no long orations ;
 Solid men of Boston
 Banish strong potations ;
 Solid men of Boston
 Go to bed at sun-down,
 And never lose your way,
 Like the loggerheads of London.
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,
 Bow wow wow.

N° VII.

THE TRIUMPH OF VENUS.

I.

THOU' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing
bowl,

And Folly in thought-drowning revels delight,
Such worship, alas ! hath no charms for the soul,
When softer devotions the senses invite.

II.

To the arrow of Fate, or the canker of Care,
His potions oblivious a balm may bestow :
But to Fancy, that feeds on the charms of the fair,
The death of Reflection's the birth of all Woe !

III.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,
With riot would bid the sweet vision begone ?
For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

The

IV.

The tender excess that enamours the heart
 To few is imparted ; to millions deny'd :
 'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
 And fools jest at that for which sages have dy'd.

V.

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my
 doom—
 And well can I speak of its joy and its strife :
 The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gleam,
 But Love's the true sunshine that gladdens
 our life.

VI.

Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight
 The magic illusions that ravish the soul !
 Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight.
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl !

VII.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
 Nor e'er, jolly god ! from thy banquet remove;
 But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine
 That's mellow'd by Friendship, and sweeten'd
 by Love.

Nº VIII.

ADDRESSED TO LADY ****,

WHO ASKED CAPTAIN MORRIS

WHAT THE PASSION OF LOVE WAS ?

I.

YOU ask me, *What's Love ?*—Why, that virtue-fed vapour,
Which poets spread over our longings, like gauze,
May do for a swain who can feed upon paper ;
But flesh is my diet, and blood is the cause.

II.

A delicate *tendre*, spun into Platonic,
Suits the feminine fop,—whom no beauties provoke ;
But the blood of a Welchman is hot and laconic,
And he loves as he fights, with a word and a stroke.

F

Yet,

III.

Yet, I grant you, there is a sweet madness of
 passion,
 A raptur'd delirium of mental delight ;
 Tho' alas ! my dear Madam, not five in the nation,
 Whose souls have an optic to view the blest
 light.

IV.

But we speak not of minds of distinguish'd
 selection,
 But Love, *common love*, in its earthly attire,
 Which, believe me, when dress'd in this high-
 flown affection,
 Wears the thread-bare disguise of a bankrupt
 desire.

V.

For the bosom's deceit, like the spendthrift's
 profusion,
 As the substance declines rich appearances
 tries ;
 More gay as more weak, till this spendid delusion
 In a pang of bright vanity dazzles and dies.

Ah !

VI.

Ah ! if in a strain of pure sentiment flowing,
 No animal warmth checks the eloquent tongue :
 'Tis the trick of a coxcomb to boast your undoing ;
 And pride, taste, or impotence prompts the
 foul wrong !

VII.

For Love, in a tumult of soft agitation,
 O'ercome with its ardor, bids language retire ;
 And, lost in emotions of troubled sensation,
 Still breathes the soft accent of silent desire.

VIII.

Yes, the god's on the wing when a delicate demon
 In sickly composure sits down to refine ;
 For Love, like a hectic, when weakly the *stamen*,
 Still brightens the skin as the solids decline.

IX.

If such be the Love you propose in the question,
 No doubt it's a phantom, dress'd up by the
 mind ;
 And, believe me, it is not a substance to rest on,
 But the fraud of cold bosoms and Vanity's blind.

X.

But for me, my dear Madam, a poor carnal sinner,
 Whose love keeps no Lent, or no rhapsody
 starve ;
 With the sharp sauce of hunger I fall to my dinner.
 And take, without scruple, what appetitic carves.

XI.

So, my good Lady ****, all beauty and merit,
 You see, tho' I doat on your face and your
 mind,
 The devil a grain should I feel of Love's spirit,
 If looks didn't warrant your shape and your
 kind.

XII.

With this taste you, perhaps, will upbraid my vile
 nature :
 But thus stands the case, and in truth to my
 theme,
 Were my mistress the first, both in mind and in
 feature,
 Unsex her, and passion would fade like a dream,

As

XIII.

As a Poet, indeed, I've a licence for fiction ;
 To dress in heroics the treacherous heart ;
 But take the sad truth, and excuse the plain
 diction,
For love moves with me in an honest part.

XIV.

But, perhaps, you may know something more of
 the matter ;
 Then deign to inform the dull soul of a brute—
 A hint of your mind would most pleasingly flatter,
 And to hear it I'd always be *willing* and *mute*.

.III.

N° IX.

THE WESTMINSTER TRIUMPH.

I.

WHILE Vict'ry smiles on patriot worth,
And Wisdom shouts applause, Sir,
What joy to think, amidst our mirth,
We've fought in Freedom's cause, Sir !
That Liberty our fathers won
Their sons have well defended ;
And faithfully that duty done
Which Heav'n for man intended.

CHORUS.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,
When Kings misuse their station,
That Britons raised a Brunswick's throne
For Freedom's preservation.

See

II.

See with what just, yet jealous pride,
 Our fathers watch'd the Crown, Sir !
 Beneath their eye no King could stride
 Beyond his legal bound, Sir.
 They liv'd in loyal duty brave,
 While Freedom mark'd his sway, Sir :
 But when abus'd that pow'r they gave,
 As quick they took away, Sir.
 For Westminster's free sons have shewn,
 When Kings misuse their station,
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne
 For Freedom's preservation.

III.

Look back, and see what blood hath stain'd
 Our page in civil fight, Sir ;
 When bold Prerogative disdain'd
 A free-born nation's right, Sir !
 What tears have drown'd this widow'd land
 When monarchs rul'd by will, Sir !
 And but for Patriot Virtue's hand,
 Those tears had trickl'd still, Sir.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,
 When Kings misuse their station,
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne
 For Freedom's preservation.

IV.

And now, when Britain's drooping head
 Can scarce withstand its foes, Sir,
 Shall he, whose talents kingdoms dread,
 A despot frown depose, Sir ?
 Shall Britain's King the Whigs disdain,
 On whom the empire rests, Sir ?
 Or, when half's lost, shall Tories reign
 The guardians of the rest, Sir ?
 For Westminster's free sons have shewn,
 When Kings misuse their station,
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne
 For Freedom's preservation.

V.

Shall public good be thus betray'd
 In Britain's humblest hour ?
 A falling nation lose the aid
 Of Wisdom's amplest pow'r !

In days like these, shall fav'rites dare
 To rule by court-applause, Sir?
 And he who loves the people, bear
 No sway in Britain's cause, Sir?
 For Westminster's free sons have shewn,
 When Kings misuse their station,
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne
 For Freedom's preservation.

VI.

Forbid it Fate, that Freemen born
 For public zeal be hated !
 Or bend beneath that prince's scorn
 Whom Freedom's voice created !
 For no hereditary right
 To crowns enslave our vows, Sir ;
 'Tis Freedom gives and binds 'em tight
 On patriot princes brows, Sir.
 For Westminster's free sons have shewn,
 When Kings misuse their station,
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne
 For Freedom's preservation.

VII.

Then be the triumph great and gay
 That crowns our Champion's glory !
 Oh, may the blest auspicious day
 Long live in British story !

May endless honours grace that head
 In which with partial hand, Sir,
 Kind Heav'n a chosen light hath shed
 To save a sinking land, Sir !
 For Westminster's free sons have shewn,
 When Kings misuse their station,
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne
 For Freedom's preservation.

N° X.

A NEW IRISH SONG.

Tune—"O Lord, *What can the Matter be?*"

BE easy with War! here's a fine piece of bother
 on't,
 Faith I can't make either one thing or t'other on't,
 Devil may burn both the Father and Mother on't.
 Billy's undone us by the War,
 Oh, Lord! what will the damage be? &c. &c.

Pat, can you tell what the Devil he's driving at?
 What is't we're fighting for, what is't he's striving
 at?

A foul bit of work the d--n'd Tory's conniving at!

For the poor out of bread, what a fine consolation
 too,

Winter at hand, and all trade in stagnation too;
 Nothing to swallow, but *lumps* of *taxation* too.

G 2

Then,

Then, what are our gains, for the millions he
squanders now? [now.

Plentiful loss of brave Troops and Commanders
Rotting like sheep, in the big bogs of Flanders
now !

We're murder'd by thousands, and pay for the
slaughter too,

Nothing to drink, to the a—se up in water too ;
Dutch running off, and ourselves marching after
too.

Our Fleets and our Gun Boats won't answer their
uses too,

Horse of no service for ditches and sluices too,
Cannon too late, and all left as the duce is too.

We're flux'd, till our life streams away from our
bowels too,

Drench'd so with rain, ye might scrape us with
trowels too,

Cattle all glander'd, and all full of rowels too.

Tents we have few, since we left e'm behind us too,

Dogs wou'd n't lie on the *wet straw*, they find us
too,

All sorts of death, by my soul they've consign'd
us too !

Then faith with *mistrust* we're a little dejected too,
Prussians withdrawn, and the Dutch disaffected
too ;

Troops that we'er hir'd not too much *respected* too.

By

By my soul, it's a sin, tho' we e'er should want
 harmony,
 When all fight for the Emp'ror of Germany,
 And John Bull has promis'd to pay all the War
 money.

Then you bitch'd us at *home*, and your word
 did'nt keep my dears ;
 Leaving brave lads to be cut up like sheep my
 dears,

Toby sham fighting, and C—TH—M asleep
 my dears.

By my troth there's a damnable sin and omission
 here,

Tho' it's hush'd up, it must rise in revision here,
 Murder cries out, for a *state inquisition* here.

Then your *cabinet* calls this a war of *existence* now,
 That's in plain *Irish*, to *die* at a *distance*, now,
 And help the work *forward*, by *backward*, assis-
 tance now.

Troth you've purchas'd at Toulon a *slippery*
 station too,

Laid out our cash in a wild speculation too ;
 And *united* all France, in a d—'d indignation too.

A wise figure we make, to be starv'd to help
 slavery,

Fighting for others with profitless bravery ;
 Oh, get out! you'll undo a good master with
 knavery.

Ever

**Eversafe be his throne! may no traitor's endeavour
now,
Loyalty's cause from fair Freedom's dissever now;
Here's Fox and the Whig Constitution for ever
now,**

Billy's undone us by War.

N° XI.

A NEW SONG.

Tune—*Ballinamona Ora.*

SURE, Master JOHN BULL, I shan't know till
I'm dead,

Where the devil you're driving to, *a-se over head!*
Troth, I've watch'd you, my dear, day and night,
like a cat ;

And, bad luck to myself, if I know *what you're at.*

But, the reason you waste all this blood, and this
gold,

Is a *secret*, they say—that can *never be told* :

To be sure, for *such* secrets *my* tongue is n't fit ;

For I can't keep it still, without *speaking* a bit.

Faith, and well I may *speak* now, for—hark ye,
dear joy !

Tho' you say, it's *your* Country the French would
destroy.

Since

Since you do it *yourselves*, they may let it alone—
And *mine* may be taken, *instead of your own*.

Britain's car, JOHN, I told you, would break with
foul knocks,

When this *job-boy* of JENKY's crept up to the box:
Troth, he *stole there, to drive you—the devil*
known how!

But no devil can tell, where he's driving you *now*.

You pay all, and fight all—and lose all, they say:
Now, don't you think, JOHN, that's quite out of
the way?

Faith, your very *Allies* feel so *hurt* on that score,
That they scorn to *stand by you, and help any*
more.

And these foreigners, too, have a *whim* in their
head—

That the more they *neglect* ye, the more they'll
be *paid*:

Sure they say that *your* King, now they've *left*
him alone,

Will bribe 'em, and feed 'em, to *fight* for *their own*.

Devil burn 'em, to say such a Heathenish thing,
Of a wise, decent, generous, church going King!
To fill foreign mouths, will he pinch from the
poor's?—

And tax the *last scrap*, for *Croats and Pandours*?

Oh,

Oh, JOHN ! these connections with Goths, and with
Huns,

Was ever the curse of your isle and her sons !

If you knew when you're well, you'd stand fast on
your ground,

And, at any one end on't, you'd *face* the world
round.

But to set out a tilting, and shake your weak lance
Against millions of men, arm'd for *Freedom*, in
France,

Was a twist in your head, Master BULL, d'ye see—
Mighty strange *in your nation, that made itself*
free.

But your foes, my dear JOHN, say your brains are
of lead—

That the fog of your island's ne'er out of your
head

That alike you misjudge of good measures or bad,
And are *stupidly drowsy—or wilfully mad !*

By my soul, JOHN, I've study'd your nature
awhile ;

And I think, when they so, they don't miss a mile ;
The world's wide, to be sure ; but, as *intellects* go,
You're as *clumsey and bother'd a beast* as I know.

Don't you think it's pretty, political touch—
To keep shooting your gold in the *damms of the Dutch?*

Sending troops to be *swamp'd*, where they can't
draw their breath?—

And buying a load of fresh taxes with death?

Then, your *friends*, who've been sucking the *sap*
of your skull,

Now choose to be fed on your *fat*, Master BULL!

Oh! your whisker-mouth'd Prussian's a *hell of a*
bite—

And your Eagle of Austria's a *damnable Kite!*

Like the Jay in the fable, all pluck you, good
JOHN?

But the whole mean to *shew you their tails*, when
they've done.

Oh! 'twill please you to see, when they *all have a*
feather,

How they'll *push forth their wings*—and *go off all*
together.

Then comes the account, JOHN: and faith, to be
frank,

The cost is unbounded; the credit—a blank!

It's a right *Flemish* bargain, where all you can claim,
Is a plentiful balance of—*taxes and shame*.

But,

But, when substance is gone, JOHN, one blessing
remains—

We prize little things, and we count little gains ;
Thus, tho' broke down by burthens, to *lighten*
mishap,

You've a *feather or two*, JOHN, to stick in your cap.

Yes! Laurels you have, JOHN, to *tickle your ear*—
For you've conquer'd a Corsican mountain, I hear :
And the Caribbee Laurels—Oh fortunate lot !
You've reap'd, and a fine *yellow* harvest you've
got.

Then, a *wond'rous magnanimous* boast, too, is
yours :

With no reason on earth, to bring war to your
doors.

You, regardless of *policy, safety, or pelf*,
Have paid all the world's damage, and beggard
yourself.

Faith, your tax-burthen'd sons, JOHN, will *bless*
the dark hour

When the *war-whoop of Kings*, and the *squeakings*
of pow'r,

Made a nation of *Freemen* the clamour applaud—
And load their own necks to chain monsters abroad.

Oh! to what will it come, JOHN, this *guilty affair*?
For all acts of your State are, *now*, *acts of despair* :

Like spendthrifts undone, ever *frantic* they seem ;
And widen that ruin they cannot redeem.

Big curses by day, ay, and bigger by night,
 On the JENKY-nurs'd Jackall, that brought on this
 plight !—

Who has *stalk'd on Court stilts* to that ruinous brink
 Where 'tis hopeless to move—and more hopeless to
 think.

A while your brave *tars*, the great *prop of your State*,
 Have, by glory and conquest, JOHN, put off your
 fate ;

But, if e'er on *French decks*, shouts of *victory* roar,
The Crowns a Red Night-cap — and Britain's no
more.

Troth, the *Car* was well warn'd of War's *desperate*
 sin,

When, with headlong presumption, he *hurry'd*
 you in.

The voice of sound wisdom cry'd loud on the curse:
 But wisdom was *wind*; to the *voice of the nurse*.

But the slave will soon see on what *sand* *he has*
built;

For the *virtues of Freemen* now wake on his guilt :
They at length see the storm, and with horror refuse
 To cut up the country—for *Cabinet views*.

Too

Too long, JOHN, I've told you, the helm would
 break down,
 With this *foul-going Pilot*, that *steers for the*
Crown,
 But, I've done ; for, *now*, ruin hangs over the elf ;
So, good luck to your king—and long life to your-
self.

COUNTRY AND TOWN.

IN London I never knew what to be at,
 Enraptur'd with this ! and enchanted with that !
 I'm wild with the sweets of Variety's plan,
 And life seems a blessing too happy for man.
Derry down, &c.

But the Country, Lord help us, sets all matters
 right ;
 So calm and composing from morning till night ;
 O, it settles the spirits when nothing is seen
 But an ass on a common, or goose on a green.
Derry down, &c.

In Town if it rains, why it damps not our hope,
 The eye has its range, and the fancy her scope ;
 Still the same tho' it pour all night and all day,
 It spoils not our prospects, it stops not our way,
Derry down, &c.

In

In the Country how bless'd when it rains in the
fields,

To feast upon transports that shuttlecock yields,
Or go crawling from window to window to see
A hog on a dunghill, or crow on a tree.

Derry down, &c.

In London how easy we visit and meet,
Gay pleasure the theme, and sweet smiles are our
treat :

Our morning's a round of good humour, delight,
And we rattle in comfort and pleasure all night.

Derry down, &c.

In the Country how charming our visits to make,
Thro' ten miles of mud for formality's sake ;

With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a
fog,

And no thought in our head but a ditch and a bog.

Derry down, &c.

In London if folks ill together are put,

A bore may be dropt, or a quiz may be cut ;

We change without end, and if happy or ill,

Our wants are at hand, and our wishes at will.

Derry down, &c.

In the Country you're nail'd, like a pale in your
park,

To some stick of a neighbour, cram'd into the
ark ;

Or

Or if your are sick, or in fits tumble down,
You reach death ere the doctor can reach you from
Town.

Derry down, &c.

I have heard how that love in a cottage is sweet,
When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy
meet ;

I know nothing of that, for alas ! I'm a swain,
Who requires, I own it, more links to my chain.

Derry down, &c.

Your jays and your magpies may chatter on trees,
And whisper soft nonsense in groves if they please ;
But a house is much more to my mind than a tree,
And for groves, O ! a fine grove of chimnies for
me.

Derry down, &c.

Then in Town let me live, and in Town let me
die ;

For in truth I can't relish the Country, not I.

If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,

O give me the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall.

Derry down, &c.

N° XIII.

A NEW SONG.

Sung at the Anniversary of Mr. Fox's Birth.

THE rising Sun of Freedom, with radiant
 justice crown'd,
 Now, bursts in bright effulgence, and spreads its
 blessings round :
 Creation's sons rejoicing, receive the welcome
 light,
*While God unchains the fettered World, and
 Nature claims her right.*

CHORUS.

Then, hail celestial Liberty ! fly round this
 mortal sphere,
 And, in thy blest redeeming course, *unchain
 thy children here.*

I

Soon,

Soon, o'er this suff'ring Island, in Freedom once
so blest,

This vital beam returning, shall cheer the Bri-
ton's breast;

Vain is the impious arm of pow'r, or craft of tot-
t'ring pride,

To stop the heav'n-directed ray, or turn its
course aside.

Then hail, &c.

Tho' foul corruption's baseness hath *sold our isle*
to woe,

Tho' deeds of dire destruction a while have laid
us low ;

The hour comes on, when Britain's sons their
blessings shall regain,

And hard oppression's iron rod, be broken here
again.

Then hail, &c.

Through each eventful æra, that sounds in Bri-
tish song,

To Roman, Saxon, Norman, Dane, whoe'er the
sway belong,

Still struggling Freedom restless burn'd, uncon-
quered by controul,

And while the body bent to fate, *more firmly*
rose the soul.

Then hail, &c.

It

It matters not what safeguard the tools of pow'r
devise,

Swords, edicts, chains, or brides, on which still
tyrant sway relies ;

They feel their coming fate, and know, tho' force
upholds their guilt,

One *British* moment strikes to dust the works
that fears have built.

Then hail, &c.

E'en in this deadly moment, when force and fraud
combin'd,

Have *stopp'd the breath of Freedom*, and—*broke*
the British mind :

The buried spark, retouch'd by heav'n, and
piercing thro' the strife,

Shall from the grave of Freedom burst, and—*light*
us back to life !

Then hail, &c.

'Tis thus the God of Britain, in danger ever saves,

Still fate renews our Freedom, when *tyrants*
doom us slaves ;

They crush her in our *vices* down, but when our
virtues join,

John serves her cause on *Runnymede*, and

James upon the *Boyne*.

Then hail, &c.

Oh! give me life ye powers, that happy hour to
 meet,
 When strangled Freedom breathes again in *this*
 her *ancient* seat ;
 When, 'stead of tame degen'rate sloth, the pa-
 triot flame inspires,
 And British bosoms glow again, with all their
 father's fires.

Then hail, &c.

Oft times I view in fancy, the bursting blaze
 expand,
 And see th' electric spirit fly, like light'ning o'er
 the land ;
 See all the jealous fervour rage ; the virtuous
 tumult roar,
 And hear th' avenging phalanx say—*Thus stood*
our fires before.

Then hail, &c.

Then cheer'd by British story, let's meet the
 coming day,
 When heav'n's correcting mercy, shall scourge
 the fiends away ;
 A breath can blast their tyranny, a touch un-
 loose the chain,
 And when they fall, as fall they must, *we live*
redeem'd again.

Then hail, &c.

Oh

Oh Liberty! from traitors, avert our country's
death!

Watch o'er this *natal* moment that gave *thy*
Champion breath.

Preserve through England's dangers, this *great*,
this *British* mind,

And, midst the dismal wreck of State, leave
Fox to save mankind.

Nº XIV.

A NEW SONG.

Sung at the Anniversary of Mr. Fox's birth,

I.

WELL, now that the prospect of Britain's a
blank—

No hope from her councils, or gold from her
Bank ;

When all the vile schemes of destruction and woe
Have come back on *ourselves*, that were meant
for our Foe ;

When projects of famine and fire have fail'd us,
And heaven's just wrath is entail'd on our
guilt ;

Shall we plunge further into chaos of sin—
That our *children may bleed* for the *Blood we*
have spilt ?

CHORUS.

Ah, no Britons ; no—it cannot be so ;
While there's justice ABOVE, and oppression
BELOW !

II. When

II.

When all schemes, all attempts, all delusions
we've tried,

Have but blazon'd our folly and humbled our
pride ;

When the millions we've wasted in impotent aim
Are as barren of fruit as—*the Minister's frame* ;

When danger is all that we've got by his measures,
And beggary all that he's bought with our gold ;
Shall we now be bereft of the little that's left—

'Till *we all*, like himself, to perdition be sold ?

Ah, no, Britons, &c.

III.

When a train of bright glory unknow 'till our day
Lights the soldiers of freedom, like stars, on
their way ;

When torrents and floods, by a will from on high,
In *ONE* country *freeze up*, in *ANOTHER* *run dry* ;

When equity's balance to slaves gives redemption,
And *NATURE* concurs to spread freedom and
light ;

Shall we wickedly strive to keep darkness alive,
That the blessing of heaven be hid from their
sight ?

Ah, no, Britons, &c.

IV. When

IV.

When a visiting plague o'er our conquests is
spread,
'Till the earth we have seiz'd has scarce room
for our dead :

Where army on army God's judgment defies,
While *pestilence swallows what madness supplies*;

Where our gold and our blood alike wastingly
vanish—

The treasures of *Britain* sink dead as her sons,
Shall we drain our own State to make war against
fate—

And in HEAVEN'S OWN FACE *plant our blas-
phemous guns?*

Ah, no, Britons, &c.

V.

When business of State's a mere *personal trade*;
When the Senate is *bought*, and the people *be-
tray'd*;

When baseness and pride, link'd in TYRANNY'S
cause,

Laugh *England* to scorn, and *disfigure her laws*;

When impudence, mockery, hate, and defiance
Is all that the people obtain for their pray'r ;
Shall we crouchingly lie, and see *Liberty* die—

The charge our brave ancestors left to our care?

Ah, no, Britons, &c.

VI. Around,

VI.

Around, while despair, disappointment, and hate,
 Sit moodily mourning the sins of the State ;
 When men, as they mute and disconsolate stand,
 Seem stunn'd with the fate that hangs over the
 land ;

When all is debasement, depression, and terror,
 And rotten corruption the bond of the State ;
 We feel the sad times a true fruit of our crimes—
 And a justice divine in the VENGEANCE OF
 FATE !

Ah, no, Britons, &c.

VII.

When Britons to tame beasts of burden descend--
 When the more that's heap'd on 'em, the bet-
 ter they bend ;

When lashes and loads have been laid on their
 backs,

'Till the slaves are so sore they can't carry their
 packs.

When scourg'd by taxation and padlock'd by
 terror,

Their tongues are tied up while they rifle their
 purse ;

Be vex'd as we may, 'faith, one cannot but say,
 The burthen's WELL FITTED, and JUST is the
 curse !

Ah, no, Britons, &c.

K

VIII. When

VIII.

When a legion of soldiers, keep watch o'er each
 town;
 To strike the faint spirit of Liberty down:
 When a merciless Statesman, sustain'd by the
 sword,
 Strides *daring in arms*, and makes *law at a word*;
 When bold VIOLATION, back'd home by co-
 ERSION,
 Leaves nothing but *death or disgrace* in our
 way;
 Shall *chains, or the grave*—the *sad choice of the*
slave
 Thus blast the fair glorious of Runnymede's
 day?

Ah, no, Britons, &c.

IX.

Oh, no, gallant Britons! there lives in your breast
 A spirit too long, and too BLINDLY suppress!—
 A spark of that flame your brave ancestors knew,
 When they *won back the land*, and gave FREE-
 DOM to you!

And you, gallant Britons, the treasure defending,
 Shall yet for your sons the *blest legacy save*;
 For the moment comes fast, when the die will
 be cast—

And the banner of Freedom TRIUMPHANTLY
wave!

Ah, no, Britons, &c.

Nº XV.

CHEERFUL AND MELLOW.

FOR a song I'm in excellent strain,
 My spirits are light as a feather ;
 I have got my gay heart back again,
 That late was in love's heavy tether :
 No longer I'll sigh in despair,
 No longer a sad silly fellow ;
 You may see tho' I have had care,
 Yet my temper is cheerful and mellow.

II.

For Chloe I died on the rack,
 While Philis for me was despairing,
 Yet love ever runs in this track,
 In spite of our cursing and caring.
 Let fools then at destiny swear,
 I leave them to bluster and bellow :
 You may see thro' I have had care,
 Yet my temper is cheerful and mellow.

III.

Good Lord, when I think of her eyes,
 I ask how I lived tho' my sorrow :
 How madness could cool or grow wise,
 That ever grew worse with the morrow.
 Am I cured by the bowl or the fair,
 Is it punch, or a kind punchinello :
 You may see tho' I have had care,
 Yet my temper is cheerful and mellow.

IV. If

IV.

If any be struck deep as I,
By Jove he must run and not reason :

Like me make an effort and fly,
And drink in her absence a season.

Sing this, and soft music beware,
Flute, fiddle, and violencello :

And he'll find tho' he has had care,
That he'll soon become cheerful and inellow.

V.

Perhaps you might wish me to shew,
How a heart that is hit may recover ;

By Jove, if he dangles, I know
No maxim to save a true lover.

He must gallop from jealous despair,
Nor wait to be cursed like Othello :

And he'll find tho' he has had care,
That he'll soon become cheerful and mellow.

VI.

Then lovers, if any there be,
Who wish for a cure at this table,

In my song an example you see,
When willing, how much we are able,

For tho' its no elegant air,
With a cadence of fine Rhetornello :

You may see tho' I have had care,
Yet my temper is cheerful and mellow.

Nº XVI.

ANACREONTIC SONG.

AD POCULUM.

*For which CAPTAIN MORRIS received the Prize
of the Gold Cap from the Harmonic Society.*

COME thou soul-reviving CUP,
And try thy healing art;
Light the fancy's visions up,
And warm my wasted heart;
Touch with glowing tints of bliss
Mem'ry's fading dream;
Give me, while thy lip I kiss,
The heav'n that's in thy stream!

In thy fount the LYRIC MUSE
Ever dipp'd her wing,
ANACREON fed upon thy dew,
And HORACE drain'd thy spring!
I, too, humblest of the train,
There my *spirit* find,
Freshen there my languid brain,
And store my vacant mind!

I,

When,

When, blest CUP! thy fires divine
 Pierce though TIME's dark reign,
 All the joys that once were mine
 I snatch from DEATH again;
 And, though oft fond anguish rise
 O'er my melting mind,
 Hope still starts to Sorrow's eyes,
 And drinks the tear behind!

Ne'er, sweet CUP, was vot'ry blest
 More through life than me;
 And that life, with grateful breast,
 Thou seest I give to thee:
 'Midst thy rose-wreath'd nymphs I pass
 Mirth's sweet hours away;
 Pleas'd, while TIME *runs through the glass*
 To FANCY's brighter day!

Then, magic CUP, again for me
 Thy pow'r creative try—
 Again let hope-fed FANCY see
 A heav'n in BEAUTY's eye!
 O, lift my lighten'd heart away
 On PLEASURE's downy wing,
 And let me taste that bliss TO-DAY
 TO-MORROW MAY NOT BRING!

THE END.



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